

CHAIRSHOTS

ISSUE #12

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\$1.00

THOSE
WACKY

HARDCORES!

THE RASSLIN FAN THAT WITH OUT A DOUBT SUFFER THE MOST.



AND REMEMBER, IT'S BECAUSE YOU LOVE IT!

J. HITCHCOCK



SHOOTKICK

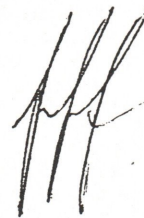
by Jeff Bowdren

A couple of weeks ago in the Observer, Meltzer closed out the issue by mentioning that many people in the WCW front offices are very frustrated because "things just weren't the same as they used to be". Hey, did the alarm clock finally go off in Atlanta? Welcome to the 90's everybody! These guys are in a vacuum or something. It's funny. My dad is like grand poobah of his lodge or whatever and recently he was saying that one of the problems his lodge has been having is that older guys, you know, the guys who were the real power players in the 70's, are always bitching because "things aren't the way they were 20 years ago". Is that scary or what? Talk about art imitating life, huh? What someone in Atlanta had better begin to understand is that life, unlike the mind of a wrestling promoter, does not stand still. Hell, fifteen years ago, we were all going through the shame of disco! 7 years ago, no one had ever heard of rap music. I've never seen a group of people so slow to pick up on trends before.

Which brings us to the comments by my good friend Mr. Nash in the last issue. Tom mentioned something about how cheap I was because I don't buy P.P.V.'s. I CONFESS! I haven't paid for a PPV in over 4 years! Could it be that I go over to friends houses and watch it with them? (I'm sure this sort of thing doesn't happen anywhere else) No, the reason I don't buy PPV's is simple. Why should I pay for something that has done nothing to interest me? Sure I'd like to continue supporting Flair, Pillman, Steamboat and others who's work I enjoy. But how could I in good conscience rip WCW in the pages of Chairshots and then fork out 25 dollars for something that I think is garbage? The only way to change what is happening in WCW is hurt them where it hurts worse-in the pocketbook. Judging by the latest t.v. ratings, it would seem that others are following my lead. It is not just a coincidence that I stopped paying for PPV's back in 1989, the last good year that WCW had. I supported WCW back then because the product they presented me was a good one. I can't honestly say that WCW has had one since then that I thought was good enough to want to spend money on. Tom Nash's claim that I really don't support wrestling is beyond ludicrous. I paid for a round trip ticket to Japan to go see wrestling and have been to shows in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Houston, New Orleans, and Greensboro because I loved wrestling and the product being presented was good enough for me to travel to go see. As a matter of fact Tom, the last show I remember paying to see was one that you were on. Let's see: last show I paid to see was one you were on, and now I won't pay to see anymore wrestling. Your right, it's probably just a coincidence.

There was an interesting article in the Miami Herald the other day about Miami Heat point guard Steve Smith. He was quoted as saying that just because he was a 6' 8" point guard from Michigan State didn't mean he was Magic Johnson. He said that he and Johnson played two totally different styles of game. The same can be said for this generation of wrestlers. They don't have the same sort of game that guys from twenty years ago had. I know this is a source of constant irritation for Ole Anderson, but hey, get over it already. I know the 70's were great for you, but the clothes back then were atrocious and I really don't care to go back. Instead of worrying about how we can go back in time and change things back to the way they used to be, maybe you could concentrate instead on putting together a PPV that myself and apparently the rest of the country will be interested in. As a matter of fact, the last PPV that my cheap ass almost bought was Summer Slam this year. Do you know why? Because it was well promoted! Hey there's a unique concept, huh? I think you have to give the devil his due. One of the reasons that Vince has been getting praise lately is that he has shown the capacity to change and adapt to what his audience wants. Again, what a unique concept.

NOTES: Speaking of giving the devil his due, you gotta love old John Stanley Hansen if you get Japanese tapes. His recent match against Kenta Kobashi was a mind blower and may have been the match of the year. I love the way Hansen plays his role of the older veteran who's sort of just hanging on by the skin of his teeth. Stan's a real pro's pro...Am I the only one who hates the fact that New Japan gives us like one Jushin Liger match every six months on t.v.?...The stuff in Memphis with Brian Christopher and Chris Adams and also Lawler and McMahon sounds like its classic stuff. Anyone out there want to make a trade so I can get a look at it? Until next time.....



CHAIRSHOTS THIRTY PAGE EDITION IS ON IT'S WAY

Due out December 15, 1993. Tim Whitehead's look at the history of wrestling in the Smoky Mountain region, Jeff Lynch with a look at Wrestling videos, JD McKay, Jr. with a unique interview with Eddie Gilbert (for details on how you can participate see this month's CS Mailbox), plus all the writers you've gotten to know over the last nine months. Don't miss out! only \$3.00.

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ARENA RAMBLINGS

BY
RON
LEMIEUX

Maybe I'll just never give up on WCW. This past Saturday (10/9) I ventured 2 hours north solo to meet fellow hardcore Rich Stafford to attend a WCW card in Jacksonville. I know I would never do that for a WWF show. And right now Titan is a hell of a lot more interesting than our friends from Atlanta. And the reason sure cannot be that I won't see the group soon as I'm skedded in November to attend the Clash in St. Pete, a house show in Orlando, and at least one day of tapings at Disney. So any psychiatrist out there that wants to dip into my brain please let me know.

The show was actually better than I expected, of course with no expectation that's hard not to do. Before the show started, ring announcer Dino Puglio (sure hope all that weight loss was due to a diet and not that dreaded disease) announced to the crowd that Rick Rude was injured but was here. Paul Orndorff would be taking his place vs. Ric Flair. 1) Ice Train powerslammed Mike Thor in 6:12. Dud 2) Nasty Boys (sans Missy Hyatt) over Too Cold Scorpio & Marcus Bagwell in 22:44. Nasties are great at getting heat. Scorpio took a great bump over the top rope and landing on the ringside table. Bagwell hit Knobbs with a dropkick from the top rope and was pinning him when Saggs hit Marcus with a boot in the head and pinned Bagwell. Last couple of minutes were hot. * $\frac{1}{2}$ 3) Ron Simmons pinned Dick Slater after a shoulderblock in 7:14. Simmons made reference to FSU beating Miami earlier in the day by taking the house mic and saying, "I don't know a better way to cap off today than whipping your ass in the ring." Nice cheap heat Ron. Actually not bad due to some out of ring brawling but last minute was botched beyond description. * $\frac{1}{2}$ 4) Dustin Rhodes & Schlockmaster defeated Harlem Heatless in 13:51. Believe it or not this was the best match of the night due to Dustin working ten of those minutes. Also Heat just bumped around for him. One pretty neat move from one of the Heat saw him take a bump and breakdance on his shoulders back to his feet and nailed Dustin with a clothesline. Tugboat scored the pin after a bearhug splash. ** $\frac{3}{4}$ 5) Sting beat Sid Vicious in an action packed 8:51. Nearly no rest holds in this one and it was exciting to watch. For some reason, Sting wore a T-shirt the entire bout. Maybe he signed a new merchandise deal and is trying to sell more. Sid took a great bump over the railing and they brawled in the crowd for a couple of minutes. They collided in mid-ring and Sting fell on Sid's groin area. Vicious went out and got a chair and ref dq'd him. *** 6) Paul Orndorff beat Ric Flair on a dq in 16:19. About the same level as their Orlando bout 2 months ago. Flair convinced Rude to let Paul defend the "World Title" for him. Love how this group changes the story on the title depending on the situation. Rude came to the ring on crutches that were about a foot shorter than they needed to be. Rude threw Orndorff brass knucks but Flair intercepted them and knocked out Paul and ref counted pin. Patrick then saw the knucks and dq'd Flair. Same old screw jobs. ** Crowd was estimated at 2,300. Jax fans have to be the most thickheaded as they're the only city that really hasn't dropped in the last year.

OTHER NOTES: Expect big things to happen tonight (10/11) in Memphis as Jerry Lawler (managed by Downtown Bruno) meets Randy Savage (managed by Vince McMahon). It could be the angle that gets Vince in the ring....A new group called World Superstars of Wrestling heads for France this week. The group is headed up by Hiro Matsuda and Florida ladies promoter Howard Brody. Some of the wrestlers on the tour are Great Muta, Doink II (Keirn), Nailz, and Lucifer from W*ING. Rumored to be coming aboard in 1994 are Hulk Hogan (after he finishes his merchandise contract with Vince), Max Moon, and the Beverly Brothers....Only city Steiners really had an effect on in the Smoky Mountain tour was Barberville, KY which drew it's largest crowd to date in 1,009....Different strokes for different folks. I really didn't enjoy the Shoot Wrestling PPV last week. By 9:00 I wanted to put the White Sox-Blue Jays game on as it was a tough choice to begin with. If I had to listen to the announcers say this was real wrestling one more time I would have puked. And Lou Thesz really pissed me off with a comment about how wrestling had lost it's credibility in the States. Hey Lou, when did wrestling ever have any credibility? I suppose it was when you wrestled back when it was real right? Yeah, you and Bruno....After Bruce Mitchell's last column in the Torch where he criticizes Paul E. among others, I have to say Bruce is the most objective and credible writers in the sheets. Kudos Bruce....Will have Center Stage taping results next when they come in tonight. Taped 10/11 for 11/20 show: A match started out with Vader & Steve Austin vs. Flair & Sid when the Kongs came out and attacked Sid forcing him to the dressing room. Flair then brought Arn out for his partner and they had a 35:00 bout ending with Sid running in with bandaged ribs and cleaning house. Highlights for 11/27 show: Orndorff over Watts, Flair & Steamboat beat Eaton & Equalizer, Sid over Awesome Kong. Bagwell now managed by Teddy Long. A falling out must have occurred recently with Roma and Arn as Arn talked negative about Paul during an interview. Simmons will be a heel feuding with Ice Train. Mean Gene conducted a few interviews. I guess now that Parker is managing Austin that Pillman will get buried. Overall a good taping. (Thanks to Leni Sargent. That's about it for now. Go Phillies!!! See ya,

Ron

Sucker Punch

BY BARRY ROSE

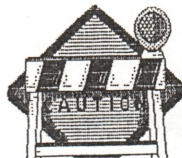


I'm feeling a little more punchy than usual this issue. Maybe its being in the middle of Florida's rainy season or maybe its my switch to decaf. Whatever. Up first this month-a Mr. Mike Motley of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Now, I've seen all kinds of "out of place" ads in the Observer plugs department. Pick up an issue and you could see ads for Tracy Lords videos, Howard Stern tapes, and grown men asking for the latest wrestling dolls. But Mike Motley's plea for help in organizing a "blacklist" (Oct. 11, 1993) takes the proverbial cake. A blacklist? What is this-the 1950s? And who do you think you are-fuckin' Joe McCarthy? Gimme a break! But, for arguments sake, lets take a look at this thing. Let's say (hypothetical, of course) that a guy in Alameda, CA feels that he was wrongly served in a recent tape deal. He writes Motley with all of the juicy details of their trade. Mike, being the renegade crusader that he is, prints this in his "blacklist", and then mails out a couple of hundred copies (for a nominal fee, of course). Now, hardcores being the chatty group that we know that we are, a few hundred people get the impression that this guy is some kind of shady dealer and because of one disgruntled customer, his career as a wrestling trader/dealer is terminated. Let's face it. We've all had at least one dealing where we felt we had gotten the short end of the stick. Does that mean that we should federal express Motley our info? I know that there are some unsrupulous dealers out there, and I'm all for getting them out of trading, but how many potentially innocent people will be affected by this blacklist? How many innocent people were affected by McCarthy's? Before I wrap up this paragraph, lemme tell ya a little story about a friend of mine. A couple of years ago in the Torch, a guy wrote a letter to Wade saying that this guy from New York had dealt unfairly with him in a tape deal. Wade printed it, and two weeks later this guy had a couple of letters defending him. Hell, I had dealt with the guy and he had treated me fairly. Moral of the story-While on paper Motley's idea seem's like a positive to the wrestling hardcore community, it will only lead to innocent people deprived of participating in their hobby. Go away, Mike.

Well, the Jerry Jarrett spin doctoring continues. In a recent Torch interview (part 69, I think) Jarrett spreads his bullshit on very thick. Are we supposed to believe that you "forgot" about a promise that you made to Jerry Lawler to cut him in on five percent of "everything in the territory"? And what about you trying to besmirch the good reputation of Lance Russell? What gives, Jerry? Lance is one of the few decent, honorable people left in wrestling, a man who made the Memphis television shows watchable for so many years. And what about this claim that if Wade Keller had sung "Achy Breaky Heart", that he would have been a "hit"? Have you ever seen Wade? I didn't think so. Next time, Jerry, that you decide to do an interview with a publication that has a national readership, try not to insult the intelligence of everyone involved. Or your own.

My third and final punch this month goes to Mr. 24 inch pythons himself, the old yellow and red, Mr. Terry Gene Bollea. The Hulkster, out whoring publicity for his latest flop, Mr. Nanny (or is that ninny?) made an appearance on Entertainment Tonight. Hulk put the co-star of the movie (a boy about twelve) in a headlock and then gave him one of the old Harley Race style punches (Damn, I can't do one column without making at least one obscure nostalgia reference). The boy just stared at Hogan, who once again has gone national in showing that pro wrestling is not real. Hey, Hulk! I've got an idea! Go on national television and tell everyone that pro wrestling isn't real and the matches are predetermined! Oh, wait, you already did. Somebody, please take this piece of crap behind the barn and shoot him, and put this old horse out of its misery. Now, that I've gotten this out of my system, I feel a lot better. Hey, I think I see the sun coming out.....until next issue, I'm lonnggg gone!!!

PERSONAL MEMO TO MY PAL AT "SHOW ME PIZZA": SORRY FOR THE MISUNDERSTANDING.



THE RAZOR'S EDGE

By Jimmy Berkley



It was another hot South Carolina early evening, my mother was cleaning plates in the kitchen and I was hurrying my father to finish cleaning up so we could get to the matches that night. The summer of 1976 had Terry Funk as NWA World Heavyweight champion and Wahoo McDaniel was in the main tonight against him at the Greenville Memorial Auditorium. My Dad and I hopped in his '72 Chrysler and headed to the old auditorium down Stone Ave. During the 15 minute drive I hawked the benefits of why we should buy ringside tickets and begged him to please buy ringside tickets and as usual got the same result as always, "not this time, maybe next". It was okay though, I was with my Dad, he was interested in what I liked (wrestling), and it didn't matter that we bought our balcony tickets as usual. Upon arrival, we paid the usual \$1.00 to park to the same guy who was always there, walked to the front of the auditorium and got our tickets. I always loved this building the best. It was built in 1959, all brick and seated about 4,000 but it had class. Every music group that was somebody played here and has till today but every Monday night was wrestling and this was one of the Crockett's best towns, only 90 miles from Charlotte.

Once inside (I'm skipping the typical food smells since every one else uses them although the popcorn and hotdogs always smelled great), my Dad would buy us each a Coke and Reeses Cups and then headed to the balcony. If I got him out of the house before 6:30 PM, we usually got first row balcony, right over the heel dressing room. We sat and talked about if Wahoo would win the belt tonight. My Dad loved Wahoo and he was by far the most popular, over worker in the Carolinas from '75 til '79 when Steamboat really blossomed. Anyways, I was getting the sheets then and traded results so I knew that Funk still had three more NWA defenses against Wahoo within the territory and had just had a 60 minute Broadway with Wahoo last night in Charlotte. Oh well, I didn't dare tell my Dad 'cause I saw him get such a kick out of the intensity and the near falls. I was fairly smart to the business then but never smartened up my father, as to not ruin his fun. After all the regular bouts, we were ready for the main. It was a wild one, juice and chairs galore, and yep, it went 60 minutes. My Dad hollered and yelled at Funk and cheered loudly when Wahoo made his comebacks. As we filed out, we always walked down to ringside where we looked at the blood in the ring. Then, walking to the car, I asked my Dad if we could walk to the back real quick to see the wrestlers leave. 11:00 at night and tired, my Dad agreed and we walked around. Neither my Dad nor me had ever talked to or met any of the guys before but we were standing among a sparse crowd when Wahoo walked out, head in a bandage, and opened his Mercedes trunk to place his bag in it. My Dad, right up front, extended his hand forward and Wahoo shook his hand as my Dad complimented him on the match. Wahoo quietly thanked him and drove off. My Dad had a smile on his face and I was so happy he got to do this, although such a small thing to most, it was a big deal to him. He talked about it all the way home and told my mother who was watching the 11:00 news he just shook Wahoo McDaniel's hand.

14 years later in October, 1990, I refereed in this same building for the first time. Believe it or not, Wahoo was on this indie card against Buddy Landel. This was one of the matches I worked and I invited my Dad to come that night. He had a special "family" seat, near the ring and I was excited since this was kind of going full circle so to speak. Instead of the usual 4,000 fans packed into the house, we had about 300 fans. It was okay though, my Dad enjoyed it and I was glad to do this in my hometown building.

But it just wasn't the same. Same building, Dad and me, same wrestler (Wahoo). What was missing? I suppose just the aura being gone, youth gone, I don't know. My Dad was proud, his son was reffing but I finally feel I have figured how I would rather have it or the missing element. If I had to choose to relive either situations, either a young kid with my Dad at the auditorium or my Dad, now smart to the business and with me reffing in the auditorium, hmmm, which would I want?

We hopped into my Dad's '72 Chrysler and headed.....

BUMPS & GRINDS

by Mike Terry

Here we are almost in the month of November--winter is upon us. Mark Madden is bummin' big time since there are no more ladies garden club activities to cover till spring. Oh well, big fella--I know you have your plate full as it is--what with all those Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, and Girl Scouts meetings the editors keep assigning you. And you guys wondered why he doesn't have time to read this piece o'crap rag. Priorities, my friends!! Speaking of which, on to important matters.

Personal to the 1-2-3 Kid: go easy on the 10-W-40 before interviews, Sean.....is there any wrestler more clumsy than Frankie Lancaster? Uncle Fred has been miscast. Did you see the bout between Lancaster and Brian Pillman in which Brian suffered the injury? Looked to me like Pillman was trying to protect or cover up for Lancaster for about the 8th time in that match alone when the injury occurred.

The Quote bag runneth over: Jerry Lawler (Superstars) to McMahon & Savage: "Both of you guys are starting to make me wish your parents had never met." McMahon's response: "Oh really? Well, at least ours did.".....Truer words were never spoken: Jesse Ventura (Fall Brawl): "Nobody pays Missy to be brilliant.".....Cactus Jack on his return to the ring against Vader: "And Wil E. Coyote steps back in to the Acme Dynamite Company shed. Bang, bang!".....Lawler on Savage: "He's the kind of guy who'll stab you in the back, then have you arrested for carrying a concealed weapon.".....Lawler on Tatanka: "When Tatanka was a little kid in school, there were 37 other Indians in his class. One time they had a school dance and it rained for 38 straight days!".....Jim Ross on Luna after Doink doused her with water: "The wicked witch of the East may be melting....makeup by Earl Scheib." Lawler on the Steiners: "I asked their parents what they were gonna be when they graduated. They said: 'About 50.'".....Lawler to Savage: "I'm gonna hit you so hard your socks'll change feet."

I was never impressed with Boni Blackstone before the stint with the Fed. Always seemed to me in the past that she was another case of someone being in a position mainly because of whom they know. But she's the best interviewer the WWF has ever put in that position. I'm sure she's as rehearsed as the others have been, but she makes it sound like it's spontaneous. She's very natural-sounding.....I've knocked Tony Schiavone before, but don't misunderstand. Overall I have a lot of respect for him. But doncha think he needs to react more appropriately to high spots? At times he's more interested in his banter with Jesse. Perspective, Tony.

This month's Maalox Moment: Marcus Alexander Bagwell's pelvic thrusts.....speaking of Maalox, did you notice who wrote the article on Captain Lou Albano in the November WWF Magazine? Vince Russo.

Fractured grammar: Jesse Ventura to Tony: "...after all the lunches I've boughten you?"

Exposing the bizz: have you noticed you can always tell when the finish is coming in a tag match when the announcers start pointing out who the legal men are?.....and when will WCW get a face tag team somebody cares about?.....the match I'd most like to see between Cactus & Vader at Halloween Havoc is the "I Quit." Of course, that one would be better with lots of time to build up to it.....As a team and as a concept, the Horsemen (Arn, Roma & Flair) have one hoof in the glue factory. The only thing that might salvage them is a heel turn.

What about Marty Janetty to fill the Sean Michaels spot? Might be worth a thought. Imagine what a colossal heel team Janetty & Michaels would make once Michaels straightens up.....the team of Well Dunn seems pretty medium rare to me, what about you?

Finally, congratulations to Missy Hyatt on the Nasty Boys' tag title victory. Now she has 2 sets of champions.....And as the wrestlers on the WWF Face-to-Face segments might say: "It's been great being with you right here in this city." Later.

Confessions of a Sheet Copier

By Jeff X

(after the proliferation of grappling fandom's Jeffs)

I confess. I make copies of wrestling newsletters and send them to my friends. It's horrible, it infringes on copyrights. It's downright despicable. And I would do it all again in a heartbeat. Come hither and hear my tale.

My introduction into wrestling fandom was through WFAN Radio in New York (I'm not saying I live in that state any more, mind you). Jody MacDonald had a 3 AM grappling segment with the frequently-wrong and perpetually confused Rich Mancuso, who obviously got all his information from newsletters. If his *Torch* and *Observer* hadn't arrived that day, callers would have to fill in the blanks, and Rich would incompetently spew, "I've always said that wrestling fans are well-informed." The hack.

Rich would have on Dave Meltzer occasionally, who blew him away factually. Jody would ask two or three questions and give the Meltz a plug. Immediately after hanging up, MacDonald always remembered a question he should have asked. Mancuso's inevitable response? "Yeah... Dave would know that, but my sources haven't told me anything about it." I always pictured Rich holding his breath, praying MacDonald would forget the hard stuff until Dave was off the line, so he could waffle.

I sent in a buck to Dave and got a sample *Observer*. Holy shit, I realized that there was a world of info I was missing. I began bringing copies to Saturday Mets games to show to friends who were casual fans. Their interest was waning in the last days of the Hulkster's glory, and they couldn't care less about the NWA. I had one friend, Derek, who sat and read issues cover-to-cover when he came over, so I started copying *Observers* and sending them to him when I knew we wouldn't be in touch for a few weeks.

This story ends happily (for Derek and Meltzer), as he graduated from college (both of them), started working regularly (ditto), and forked over the loot to Campbell, California for his own subscription. In the end run, Dave will make money from this unapproved "trial" deal.

The next chapter takes place a few years later. I am by now getting several sheets in the mail. Although *Matwatch* has bitten the dust, I routinely spend my Sunday perusing the Big Two, as well as a couple of smaller, column-oriented newsletters. My friend Pablo's younger brother, Eric, has just returned from law school in the midwest and is hanging out with us. He seems to like wrestling and wants to know more about it. An endless font of questions, I decide to shoot Eric some sheets so I don't have to play Answer Man at every pay-per-view. It works; he gets hooked. I give him the *Observer* and an occasional *Torch*. Within a few months, Eric has also subscribed to Dave's weekly picnic, although he politely requests that I only copy the Minneapolis-based bulletin on "important" news weeks. It seems he feels some of the columns are pointless, and Eric doesn't want to spend time reading people who "prattle," as he put it.

Certain editors feel that copying is immoral; on the level of shoplifting – tantamount to embezzling copy-

righted intellectual property. I would counter with "Let he who is without sin cast the first Xerox." There are only so many big fish in the pond as far as grappling groups go. Who wants to spend their time writing about Peach State Wrestling when they can blast the Titans and Turners? Who wants to spend their money reading 15 different PPV dissections? Some readers are going to work their way around the system. That means some editors will lose a bit of coin. The self-publishers who get a grip and reconcile that at least they have a *solid subscription base*, are going to be the ones who will be around for the long haul. With 310,000 subscribers, you don't see Meltzer pissing into the wind about the 8,000 dupes that go out two days later. He isn't happy, but it knows crying over spilt toner won't change anything.

The third example is, unfortunately for some editors, still ongoing. I have an upstate friend (never mind which state) named Sean who is having financial difficulties. He provides his family's second income while working at what is basically a labor of love. Sean's wife's salary pays most of the household expenses, so there is little room for extras. A proven hardcore, he does not have the wherewithal to bask in the glory of numerous PPVs. If Sean can't make the drive down to my house, the only feedback he gets on the cards is from more-fortunate smart fans like myself.

As he told me a while back, "I grasp on to every newsletter you send me." Sean keeps the *Observers* I have sent in a little stack so he can refer to something if necessary. For the holidays last December, I gave him a pile of *Three Count* and *Torch* and *Arena Reports* that I was going to throw out otherwise. He put them in chronological order and read them all. When Sean's birthday came around this summer, I passed on the next batch. This caused a mutual friend who was at the party to murmur sarcastically, "Boy, is his wife gonna love you."

As I said however, this is the one copying story that does not end with some editor getting a check for compensation. This friend cannot afford the subscriptions. Although at both celebrations, I also presented gift subscriptions to Sean for a couple of newsletters (do you think I'm *that* cheap?), he does not have the finances to re-ante. So once these token subscriptions run out, I may have no choice but to return to my copying habits.

Do I regret my actions? Well, what does it cost me? I work at a place where the physical mechanics of the act (copying and mailing) cost me nothing. So I only lose out in the uplifting moral fiber that goes hand-in-hand with wrestling fandom.

As pointed out, two of these three cases ended with subscriptions being purchased. In the third, it must qualify as the grappling equivalent of a hardship case. Consider my friend Sean the recipient and my charity the annual telethon.

I did not do this to be malicious. I only wanted to be a good fan and spread the appreciation for what is positive about wrestling. Perhaps, if Barry feels inspired or gets enough of a response, I will do my followup: on my naughty, illegal tape trading.

A KNEE TO THE GROIN!

"WWF BUDGETARY CUTBACKS, ETC"

BY BUTCH BIGELOW

I'm more peeved than Shannen Doherty was after she lost her job as the night deposit box at the Rodeo Drive Sperm Bank! Just look at the way the press and the US government are harassing poor Vince McMahon! Now that the heat is really on he has been forced to cut his talent roster in half to pay his mounting legal fees. The most efficient way to accomplish this was to combine two time tested gimmicks into one. Here are a few examples of what to expect in the upcoming weeks and months.

The Undertaker plus Irwin R. Shyster = R.I.P. the Underwriter: This is a working stiff's worst nightmare - a tax auditor you can't murder because he's already dead! With Paul Bearer, now known as the the Notary Public Necrophiliac, in tow, R.I.P. destroys his opponants with sheer mental anguish. While the hapless jobber is in the ring, the Necrophiliac taunts him that demons from hell are confiscating his house and car, as well as possessing the souls of his wife, children and pets. Once the jobber is in a stress induced coma R.I.P. stuffs him into a huge manila envelope and has him sent to the Dead Letters Office - postage due.

Hulk Hogan plus Harvey Whippleman = Huik Herman: This kills two birds with one stone. First, it eliminates all suspicion of Hogan's continuing steroid abuse. Second it provides a character that kids can really relate to, since everybody knows that all those obnoxious little Hulkamaniacs are chronic masturbators. Hulk Herman may weight only 130 pounds but at least he has hair again.

Johnny B. Badd plus Koko B. Ware = Koko B. Badd: Although the idea of a wrestler masquerading under the guise of a different race for the sake of furthering his career is unthinkable, Vince is getting desperate. Clad in Dockers and a lavender bowling shirt, a chubby, pasty faced athlete vaguely resembling the once sepia toned Koko makes a memorable debut at a Poughkeepsie TV taping by konking the 1-2-3 Kid on the head with a bowling ball. Although referee Danny Davis did not actually witness the nefarious act, his suspicions were aroused by the unsightly bulge in Koko's crotch area where he had stashed the sizable foreign object. Score another surprise victory for the Kid, this time via DQ. Koko immediately files a protest with Jack Tunney stating "If I were a black guy you never would have suspected that I was hiding something illegal in my shorts! This is discrimination against Caucasians!"

Ric Flair minus Ric Flair = Sid Vicious: This one doesn't really fit into the " $X + Y = Z$ " formula but as long as I'm showing off my math skills I thought I would slip it in. Besides, it's not like it isn't true!

In Closing: My sources tell me that that smart alecky Mark Madden has been stirring up more dirt over at that Torch rag. For a guy with one dainty, ballet slipped tootsie out of the closet and the other one planted firmly on a banana peel, he's got a lot of guts and is to be admired. Never let it be said that I don't know how to pay a compliment and acknowledge excellence. I usually don't respect anybody who would sink so low as to write for a wrestling sheet.

That's all the people care to know!

CHAIRSHOTS MAILBOX

200 LESLIE DR., APT. 717, HALLANDALE FL 33009

CHAIRSHOTS WELCOMES ALL LETTERS, COMMENTS AND
CRITICISMS. ALL LETTERS ARE PRESUMED FOR PUB-
LICATION UNLESS REQUESTED OTHERWISE.

Barry,
I wish I could address my esteemed fellow hardcore Jeff Bowdren's comments about mail coming to my drive-in as being "obsessive behavior" toward Eddie Gilbert and my biography of him, but I don't understand what Jeff meant. Bumpers Drive-in happens to be my livelihood-where I spend 70-80 hours a week doing my job. Are you making fun of my livelihood, Jeff? I know that you remember what Jerry Lawler did to Andy Kaufman in the early '80s when he made fun of his livelihood. Now, Jeff, you really don't want a terminal cancer that will spread throughout your body as a result of a JD DDT, do you? When I asked Eddie about those comments, he said that I had better be prepared to take some (chair) shots for being associated with him. Then I talked with the BT express about what was written, he said the obsessive behavior was not the point of my mail coming to the drive-in, but rather the fact that I had moved to Memphis so I could be closer to Eddie. Now, I will admit it does help, but the truth (something so totally alien to any aspect of wrestling including writing for a fanzine) is that my company practically begged me to take over the management of this particular operation. Regardless, JB, I appreciate the plug for the book-it's due out in the spring or summer of 1994. I also have Eddie's agreement on doing an interview for CS. Here's my idea: you guys (the writers of CS) work up a list of questions you would like me to ask Eddie and I'll present them to him-that way I can't be accused of using kid gloves or playing favorites-it'll be more like CS interviews Eddie Gilbert, not me personally.

J. D. McKAY, JR.
BARTLETT, TENN

(ED. NOTE: I spoke with JD after getting this letter and he has agreed to accept Questions for Eddie Gilbert not just from the writers of CS, but also its readers. I urge all of you to participate in this unique interview by submitting your questions ASAP. The interview will be conducted mid-November and will be published in our thirty page edition.

Barry,
Chokehold hardly ever arrives, Sims has stopped sending, The Post is shutting down, Wade macerates letters and uses poor grammar to boot, WON is serious, and Perspective won't allow bad language. Where else but in that BPOCR (brutal pice of crap rag for the uninitiated) can I express some random thoughts. 1) If ring rats were to form cheerleading squads, might we not be treated to such lines as "Piss Sid Piss" or "Blade Abdullah Blade". 2) Why not form a tag team "The Roild Boys"? 3) ECW will be running a stand up for AIDS Benefit" Entitled BLOODBATH 111. 4) Now that Titan has

called for phone records and subscriber lists, I am reminded of Mr. Welch asking Joe McCarthy "Have you no sense of decency?".

DR. RICHARD SIEGEL
BETHPAGE, NY

Dear Barry,
I really enjoyed the Razor's Edge column in issue 11. Berkley makes a good point with the possibility of a rap/hip hop gimmick. The reason why those characters don't get over is that those guys are faces and played for comic relief in the cases of PN News and MOM. If a rap character was brought out as a heel and with a much harder edge, he would draw mucho dinero. The main problem with PN News and MOM is that these are gimmicks thought up by fifty year old white men who are out of touch with 1993 reality. Imagine how "loved" a true "gangsta hardcore" street rapper/wrestling black man would be in Smoky Mountain. And make the guy literate along with his slang talk. I can see it now-riots and cross burnings in Johnson City, Tennessee.

ROBERT LEE SOLARI
DETROIT, MI

Dear Barry,
I enjoyed the last two issues of Potshots (just kidding!) At least I get to see my name in print once every issue. Seriously, I enjoy several of the articles, primarily yours and Jimmy Berkleys. I'm glad to hear your subscription base is large. It's hard to keep a newsletter going when you have a small base of subscribers. I also appreciate the plug for WHT. Please stay in touch and keep up the good work.

SCOTT TEAL
HENDERSONVILLE, TENN

Dear Barry,
You don't have to beg me to continue my subscription. CS has become one of my favorite sheets. I usually read it from cover to cover as soon as it arrives. I'm glad that it now comes out twice a month. I enjoy the variety of opinions. It seems that in so many sheets today there is a "politically correct" attitude. If you don't follow the party line than you are stupid, a mark, or worse. If following wrestling is so painful for some people, then perhaps they should find another hobby. I would hope that a certain newsletter editor from Minnesota would realize that people get his publication to read about wrestling and not to be exposed to his political and social views. May CS have a long life. I will be with you for the duration.

JOHN C. MURTON
CHICAGO, IL

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